


# Youth

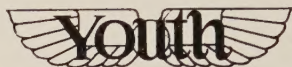
A vintage photograph of a young woman with short dark hair, smiling and standing in a grassy field. She is wearing a peach-colored, short-sleeved dress with a full, flared skirt decorated with white star-shaped patterns. She is holding the hem of her skirt with both hands. In the background, a large, dark tree trunk is visible, and the ground is covered with small white flowers.

For all young people who find living the most interesting thing in life.

JUNE, 1928

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A magazine devoted to encouraging Youth to express itself.

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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## CONTENTS

Cover, from Paramount photo

### Short Stories

The Delaneys .....	<i>Lenora Mattingly Weber</i>	4
At the Rainbow's End .....	<i>Lillian Grace Copp</i>	10
Unknown Waters .....	<i>Ruthanna Schenck</i>	22

### Serial

The Meridian, Part II .....	<i>Gardner Hunting</i>	13
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### Other Features

The Psychology of Safety .....	<i>Esther E. Reeks</i>	24
God's Law of Safety .....		25
Are You a Jonah? .....	<i>Ernest C. Wilson</i>	26
Study Topics .....		28
Good Medicine .....	<i>Charlotte Wharton Miller</i>	32

### Verse

Bon Voyage .....	<i>Ernest C. Wilson</i>	3
When .....	<i>Doris Waggoner</i>	17
A Beauty Hint .....	<i>Wright Field</i>	18

### Departments

Your Obedient Servant .....		9
Something to Laugh at .....		20
Something to Tie to .....		21
The Tenth Man .....		29
Let's Talk It Over .....		30
Choosing .....	<i>Hazel F. Albrecht</i>	33
Your Own Pages .....		34
The Prosperity Bank Plan .....		36

# Bon Voyage



ROBERTS PHOTO

*By*

*Ernest C. Wilson*

I SEND my dream-ships gaily  
Out on the mind's broad sea;  
O Thought-winds, treat them kindly  
And give them back to me.

And, O Winds, speed them onward  
Around their circled track,  
And, O Sea, bear them safely;  
And may they nothing lack.

And Captain, guide my choosing  
That what I ask of Thee  
May make a worthy cargo,  
As it returns to me.



# The Delaneys

## By Lenora Mattingly Weber

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RESENTFUL distaste always curled Honora Delaney's lips whenever she lighted the coal oil lamp, for she thought of the families in the city—yes, and many of the families on farms—who had electric lights; but tonight she struck the match and evened the sputtering wick with quick, eager fingers.

"And the silk slip goes with the dress; stockings—the sheerest stockings—and brocaded satin pumps. It's a special outfit that Draper's store is making for our graduating class. They have a modiste from the city to make them—every one different from the others." The longing was vibrant, palpitant in her voice. "Some of the girls are getting them. Oh, Mother, couldn't I?"

The yellowish glow of the lamp shed a halo over the two at the supper table now cleared of its dishes—Honora's mother, with work-roughened hands, and her tired stepfather, slumping in his chair. The woman fingered the pages of a catalog, her eyes a chaos of emotion—a wistfulness like the girl's, shadowed with uneasiness, something of fright.

"But we have the goods, the dotted Swiss. It will make up real pretty, Honor." Her mother—and her stepfather, too—always called her Honor, though Honora—why, Honora seemed to go with Delaney, the girl thought! "You picked out the pattern for it and a bolt of that narrow lace at Draper's. When it's made up, Honor——"

"But if you could see these others! Wide silk lace, wide—and in points at the bottom for the skirt! Just think!"

"I don't see how we can, Honor," the words dragged reluctantly.

"Well, he's selling the calves." Honora nodded toward the blue-shirted man. She had never called her stepfather by the name of father, though she had been only nine when her mother had married him. (She had always remembered what her Aunt Marcy had said about him.) "The calves will bring about that much and when I'm graduating——"

Still her mother fingered the catalog. It, too, was from Draper's General Merchandise and it was turned back, well-creased, at an illustration of a corn grinder with a motor attachment. "We wanted—we planned to get this."

"A corn grinder?" Honora's tone was challenging. "A corn grinder?"

"Yes."

The room became awkwardly silent. Honora stood up. She was like the rest of the Delaney's, tall, heavy-lashed, with the vividness of an unfinished pastel. "I might have known." Anger quivered in her voice.

Her mother reached out a placatory hand. "But your father needs it."

"My father!" Honora threw a look of withering contempt at the heavy figure of the man. "If my father were alive, I'd have a dress as good as any. I wouldn't have to be ashamed."

The words came out with the clear-cut crack of a whip, and as from a whip lash her mother seemed to shrink, with a look of inarticulate pleading, pain. The man opened his lips, looked at the challenging figure of the girl, then at the bowed figure at the table, and then—closed his lips without a word.

Honora slammed the door with a rush of exultant vindictiveness. She had hurt them! But hadn't they hurt her? All these years of denial, of hateful penury, of miserable skimping. How she hated it! Hated it!

AUNT Marcy was right. Her stepfather was a tight-fisted, hidebound plodder! Aunt Marcy who had lived in the big brick house nearest to Colville had laughed that day when she heard that Honora's mother was marrying him. "I guess he had his eye on the Delaney place as well as on your mother." Aunt Marcy had winked and laughed, and the words had stayed with Honora and taken on new meaning as the years went by. Honora had always adored Aunt Marcy with her hair piled high and her ever-changing costumes and her ready, rippling laugh.



A plodder, that was it. Hard-working, Honora admitted, but a plodder. The Delaney's had never been plodders. The library at Colville was named for her grandfather. She could remember her father, though she had been only six when he had died. They had not needed to skimp in her father's time. They had not needed to close up half the big colonial house and go servantless then. He had hired men for the farm work, women for the housework. Lavish, gay, brilliant—all the Delaneys were that! And now she, the last of the Delaneys, in dotted Swiss like any of the beet growers, like any of the daughters of the section hands!

Her mother could not understand. Her mother was a Gard—the simple-living, rigid, puritan Gards—though her father had lavished clothes and jewels on her.

It was hours later that through her sleep she was dimly conscious of her

mother tucking in the tossed-off quilt, of her mother's words like a sigh, "Oh, Honor, I am so afraid—so afraid."

GRADUATION day drew nearer. The dotted Swiss was almost finished, though Honora had no word of commendation for her mother's efforts or for the dress, fashioned alluringly with a semi-fitting basque waist and a full gathered skirt. "Silk lace medallions in points," she thought rebelliously as her mother crouched on the floor to set the deep hem. She had fitted the lace, row after row, to form a collar, and row after row, for the puff-like sleeves.

Just two weeks more! Aunt Marcy had written and asked Honora to come to the city to visit her. Perhaps Honora would stay on with her, though Honora had never told her mother of that half-formed plan. Her mother was strangely silent about her visit to Aunt Marcy,

but when Honora told her that she had an offer of a position in the library at Colville, her mother's eyes had deepened with a yearning enthusiasm. "You could be home then, Honor. You could ride back and forth."

TWO weeks later the credits were counted and the decision made on the class valedictorian. That same noon

hour Honora, going into Draper's store, saw the Iacino girl, whose father labored on the bridge gang, and the Duvallo girl, her hands stained and rough from the planting and weeding of beets, buying dotted Swiss off the same bolt from which she had bought. They were pawing over the few bolts of lace when she left. She supposed they'd pick out the same pattern of lace, too!

With feet that were too eager to wait for the school bus, Honora hurried along the road.

Surely now her mother would understand! Surely when she knew that she, Honora, was to deliver the valedictory, she would not refuse her one of Draper's special outfits.

The very thought of it thrilled her. The creamy luster of the pearls that they were giving as a special inducement! The breath taking softness of the silk lace! All her school days she had longed for clothes like that. All her school days her mother had dressed her in such sensibly plain clothes.

A SPRING wagon with two heavy horses stopped in the road. In the wagon was her stepfather. "Well, Honor, I didn't know you'd be out so early." He moved the packages over and arranged the old blanket on the sagging seat.

Honora climbed in, rejoicing secretly that they were so far out of town that none of her friends would see her. This



*Honora lifted the lid.*



rattly old wagon with the lumbering, big-footed Darby and Rachel! Darby and Rachel spent most of their time dragging a plow, so her stepfather drove them with considerate slowness. The harness, worn thin now, was sewed and patched and riveted.

"Well, and how goes everything at school?"

"Everything's decided." The words came hurrying from her lips. "Aleda is to play on the harp, and sing. The modiste at Draper's is fixing her outfit, to suit her individually, she says—an olive green sash that hangs to the bottom, even a little below the bottom of the lace flounce. And Janet is to play the piano accompaniment for the class song. She's going to have just a touch of rose, narrow—real narrow velvet ribbon and then—then I'm to have the valedictory."

The man had been following her words carefully. "Are the others—all the class—going to have these—what do you call them—imported dresses?"

"No; oh, no; but I'm going to be on the program and—and they have one that I was looking at. I thought that maybe I—it has lace medallions on the skirt and orchid satin flowers at the waistline and orchid ribbon——"

"Orchid?" He was guiding the horses carefully in the rutted road as a big automobile whirred by.

"Yes, orchid. It's a sort of lavender, sort of rose. Oh—it's so beautiful." Her dark eyes were shining. She brushed back her hair with a fluttering hand.

**S**UDDENLY Honora glanced back at something that rattled in the back of the wagon. It was the new corn grinder with the motor attachment; all the parts were labeled and tied with heavy twine. And as she looked at the bright red piece of machinery, quick anger again tingled through her. "Oh, I see you got it," she remarked unpleasantly.

"Yes, I sold the calves and got the corn grinder."

Honora laughed. "Well, it's nice that some people can get what they want."

"Ground corn is the best feed for the hogs, Honor," he said slowly, "and the cows need it till the pasture comes up a little, and our horses have to have it

ground. They are getting old and their teeth are poor."

"Aren't you kind to think so much of hogs—and cows—and horses?" Her lips tightened. Her eyes, watching a wheel in its wobbly revolutions, narrowed.

"Honor," he asked, "does it mean so much to you to get this outfit?"

"Oh, no!" she flared, still keeping her eyes on the wagon wheel and the irregular scurry of dust it threw. "Oh, no! It only means that all the time I'm giving my silly old talk on 'The Beauties of Living,' people will be nudging one another and saying, 'See, that's the dotted Swiss, thirty-nine cents a yard. That's the lace, fifty cents for a twelve-yard bolt. And oh,' an angry sob caught in her throat, 'that greasy Iacino girl and that hulking Duvallo girl will smirk to think that their dresses are like mine. And after Aleda and Janet in their beautiful dresses, I'll get up — Oh," in a gust of fury at his seeming placidity, "not that you'd care!"

She felt then the gentle swerve of the vehicle as he turned the reluctant horses around. "I guess I'll go back to town," he said, and he steadied the rattling grinder with one hand. "I just happened to think of—of something I want to get."

But Honora was climbing out. There were so many things she wanted to say—anything that would stab, hurt. "Perhaps you forgot something nice for the hogs," she flung after him. "That would be terrible!"

**D**OWN at the curve of the road lay the Delaney farm, tree-sheltered. Honora hurried blindly to a hidden nook by the road where the creek ran through a culvert under a bridge. She had often sat there and rested. Sometimes in anger she had fled there and splashed the water in fury with her bare feet. A clump of trees shaded the spot and hid it from the road.

Quick plans coursed through her mind. She would go to Aunt Marcy's right away. She would not wait for graduation! She remembered her mother—she was glad to remember, glad that her mother had said that the place would be lonely without her. Aunt Marcy would understand. Tight-fisted, hidebound plodder! She had called her stepfather that and she was right. Now—tonight—she would leave!



She rose eagerly, but waited momentarily, for a car had stopped on the little bridge. It was Mr. Baird, the banker, and another man, vaguely familiar. Oh, yes, that was the man that used to be in the bank a long time ago; she believed that he had come out once to see her father.

Mr. Baird stepped down to the creek on the other side of the bridge to get some water to put into the radiator.

"Recognize that place, Tilden?" he asked his companion.

"The Delaney place?" answered Tilden. "Indeed I do. I remember what a mess young Delaney left everything in when he died that winter."

"Yes," Baird spoke slowly, "he certainly did. Bills—bills—bills! Owed everybody in the country. I tell you more than one tradesman has lain awake at night worrying, wondering how he ever had let Delaney get in so deep. But the Delaneys! There was something about them—it was hard to refuse."

"But they lived in style, as I remember," said Tilden, "with every luxury, servants in the house——"

"Yes, and after he died it was her jewelry, the Delaney jewelry and silver, that paid them. She's been years, years—well, up until now, getting things paid. And nobody has guessed. His sister was the same way—in to the hilt—left here——"

"Did they lose the place?"

"No, they didn't lose it——" The remainder of the sentence was lost in the noise made by the starting of the motor.

Honora sprang to her feet, hot denial on her lips, but the car had started down the road. As she watched, she sank back weakly. It was true—— She knew—— Sickeningly convincing came a hundred things, like links that joined and made a chain.

Chill crept into the late afternoon air.

The sun set on a dusty world. Hoof beats sounded on the bridge, the hoof beats of Darby and Rachel, hurrying now that the barn was in sight—and still the girl sat there, a huddled figure.

It was dark when she finally arose, stiff and shivering.

Honora's mother was in the kitchen. She was stirring some milk and flour together in a cup, preparing to make gravy.

"Mother," the voice was startlingly clipped and hard, "why didn't you ever tell me about Father?"

The pleased eagerness that had brightened her mother's face upon Honora's entrance, vanished like a blown-out flame. She looked blank, stricken. The spoon rattled against the side of the cup.

"Your father—what, Honor?" She put the cup down vaguely as though she had forgotten why she held it.

"That he was dishonest?" It was the unflinching directness of the Gards.

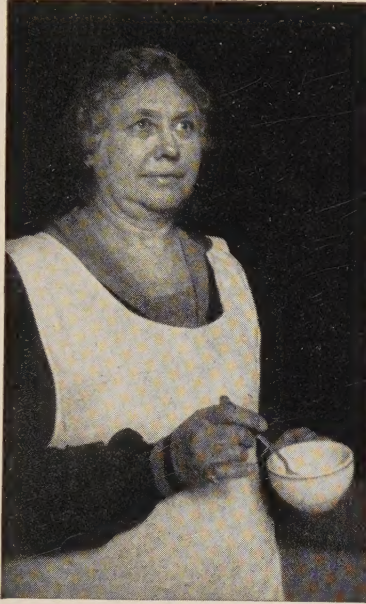
"No! No, Honor," she cried out, "not that." There was pity in the look she turned to the girl's set, miserable face. "No, no. Oh, I thought that, too, lying awake night after night, but it—it wasn't that. I can see now." The words came swiftly as though she had repeated them often and often to herself. "It was only that he loved the luxuries of life, that he could not deny himself or the ones he loved."

"But he never paid his bills."

"He meant to. The Delaneys all meant to. The Delaneys were wonderful people, daring, noble; they never realized they were not honest. No, no, it was just that he—he did not face life squarely. Oh, Honor, I have been so afraid for you. The Delaney love of luxury! Even when you were born I was afraid—and so I called you 'Honor,' hoping, praying——"

"But I was christened 'Honora'?"

"At your father's request, yes! He



*Stirring milk and flour together in a cup.*



said 'Honora' was prettier; but in my heart I christened you 'Honor.' You've thought us hard; you've blamed your stepfather——"

"The day that you were married"—at last Honora was saying the words that had lain nagging all these years—"Aunt Marcy said that he—well, that he wanted the Delaney place."

A little, sobbing laugh came from her mother. "The Delaney place, mortgaged for as much as it was worth, and in your name! It has taken him years of hard work to clear it."

"You could have told me."

"But I knew it would hurt you, humiliate you. I wanted you to see for yourself! I wanted you to long for inner beauties just as you have always longed for outer ones."

Honora following her mother's gaze, saw it fix on a gray suit-box, a box from Draper's. She remembered then that there had been no rattle in the wagon when it had crossed the bridge the second time.

"Oh—he didn't get the corn grinder after all," she breathed.

Her mother placed the box in her hands, smiling a quivering smile. "It was too hard to refuse you, Honor, he said. It wasn't that he foolishly wanted the corn grinder—you see, it hurts his side to grind so much by hand."

**H**ONORA lifted the lid from the box. There lay the dress, lace-medallioned, with its orchid satin flowers. There lay the silk slip, the sheer stockings, the brocaded satin pumps stuffed with tissue paper. Such dresses as these, Aunt Marcy had worn! Such slippers as these, she had danced in! Then she had left suddenly for the city! She had never come back. Boards were tacked across the front porch. "For sale" signs hung on the fences, fading in the sun. Aunt Marcy—there was no sense of rightness there.

As she stood there in the kitchen whose kind walls had sheltered her all her years, many pictures unfolded before her eyes, pictures as perfect in detail as though colored prints, one by one, came before her. Aunt Marcy, whose eyes, even when she laughed her merriest, had a warring unrest in them. She saw the work-roughened hands of her mother and of the man that she had

disdained to honor by the name of father. They had been kind hands to her, yes, tender hands; and it came to her that such kindness, such goodness could only emanate from a loving goodness within. Why, it was that goodness that had given them the armor of serene happiness that even her daughter's bitter fretting had barely touched!

Honora folded the garments very carefully. They seemed not less beautiful, but rather far removed and of less value. She laid them in the box and fitted the lid on slowly, tightly. With the closing of the box it was as though the prickly, nagging garment of discontent dropped from her and in its stead a robe of soft happiness was folded, all-encompassing, about her—folded about her with the caressing softness of kindness, folded about her with the dawning, yet warm surety of a great love.

Her mother reached for the pan of potatoes. Their warm, browned smell floated to Honora as she slipped out into the gray darkness.

**O**UTSIDE the granary she could hear the crunch, crunch, of the spasmodic jerks of the old corn grinder. She stood in the doorway for a minute before her stepfather stopped and straightened up slowly, his right hand pressing his side. Then he saw her.

"Father!" It was the first time she had ever called him that, and sobs quivered through her as sobs quiver through one who comes face to face with a loved one after long separation. She sought the shelter of his quiet strength. "Oh, Father——"

**I**T WAS a hot, crowded throng that listened to the commencement exercises of the Colville high school, a hot crowded throng that stirred uncomfortably through the routine of graduation. But the valedictory delivered by Honor Delaney swept through the crowd like a cool west wind, thrilling, invigorating. The listening faces of that crowd, harrowed as they were with the petty worries of life, seemed to smooth out with wonder.

The slender, vibrant girl in a dress of dotted Swiss trimmed with row upon row of narrow lace, was opening to them a gate, showing them where the beauties of life waited, beauties of life that were



theirs for only the asking. "It is not heredity or wealth that counts"—Honor turned her smiling face to the weary, sunburned faces of the Duvallo girl and the Iacino girl who sat a bit bewildered in their unwonted finery, finery that showed in contrast their work-worn hands and wind-roughened hair—"but as one thinketh——" Their faces lifted, as though on the dusty, rocky road of life

a friend reached out to them a cool, refreshing drink, and they smiled back at the girl who had passed them heretofore with her head held high.

In the back row sat a little woman in an old-fashioned dress. Her face was serene for she had no fear now for the girl whom, in her worried heart long years ago, she had christened "Honor."

## Your Obedient Servant

**M**IND is your most obedient servant—when you assert your mastery. Mind acts upon your direction. It carries out into expression whatever thoughts you give it with which to work. Your responsibility is to select the thoughts; the part of mind is to bring these thoughts to fruition in the world of appearance.

The careful selection of your thoughts will produce good results, thoughts like the following:

### Health Thought

June 20 to July 20

*The peace that passeth understanding, even the peace of Jesus Christ, restores me to harmony and health.*

**J**ESUS taught that His mission was to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth. The first step in His great work was the awakening of men to certain fundamental truths of being. He taught the power of mind, thoughts, and words. He cast out the demons (errors) and healed the sick "with a word." He planted the seed thoughts in our race mind that will, when properly used, grow the kingdom of the heavens here in earth. But peace, harmony, and love must first be planted in the minds of men.

Jesus gave us the consciousness of peace. "My peace I give unto you." The mind of peace precedes bodily healing. Cast out enmity and anger, and affirm the peace of Jesus Christ, and your healing will be swift and sure.

### Prosperity Thought

June 20 to July 20

*The consciousness of peace and plenty is enthroned in me and I am prosperous.*

**A**MONG the nations peace is accompanied with prosperity, while war devastates and depletes the people. The same law is operative in the individual. A peace-loving man has few enemies, while a fighter has few friends. Good friends are always thinking good thoughts and speaking good words for the man of peace and good will.

If you are peace-loving, you can easily demonstrate plenty; but you must enthrone your thoughts of peace and plenty; that is, exalt them in your mind until they become your ruling consciousness. Think how the nations prosper when they are at peace, then realize that the same law of prosperity is operative in you and in your affairs.



Betty follows some advice  
to "dig a bit"

# At the Rainbow's End

By Lillian Grace Copp

HER eyes wide with awe, Betty Rogers stared at the huge parcel the expressman had just left. It was the first time that she had ever read her name on an express package, and the fact that the extremely large box bore both cautions, "FRAGILE—HANDLE WITH CARE," and "PERISHABLE—DELIVER AT ONCE," made the contents both alluring and mysterious.

"What a box! Whom is it from, Betty?" Mother shook the flour from her hands and hurried over to where the girl was standing as if stricken dumb and inactive by the surprise.

"Anna Morton Gilman!" Betty read the name in a hushed tone. "Cousin Anne, Mother! Whatever do you suppose she has sent?

Why, she has never sent so much as a post card before, and now to send a box like this!"

Mother capably produced hammer and chisel, remarking dryly that the surest way of discovering the contents was to look. But for all the apparent unconcern of her remark she was every bit as much excited as Betty as she pried off the cover, while the girl pulled and tugged at the loosened ends in an effort to expedite the work.

Cousin Anne was the one rich member in Mother's family. But she had never approved of Betty's father, and since Mother's marriage she had refused to hold any communication with her. Even when Mother had been left a widow, Cousin Anne had made no sign of want-

ing to renew the broken friendship.

The year before, when Gertrude Morton, the daughter of another cousin of Mother's, was ready for college, Cousin Anne had mailed the girl a check for two thousand dollars. By September

Betty would be ready to enter the same college. The girl and her mother had held many anxious debates as to whether it would be wiser for Betty to abandon the idea and take a position at once, or to try to work her way through college. She could expect no assistance from home, for there were three younger sisters, and Mother had to provide for them all.

"Won't it be just too dear, too wonderful, too glorious for words, if Cousin Anne is going to finance me through the four years, and

is sending this to let us know she really cares?" gasped Betty, twisting off the end of the last board and dropping the nails on the floor with sharp little clinks. "If she does we can educate the other girls ourselves, then repay the loan in full."

"Oh, Betty, what an imagination!" laughed Mother, though her own cheeks were as flushed as the girl's. "There! You won't have to wonder much longer." She stepped to one side to permit Betty to lift the protecting layers of paper that concealed the contents.

Betty gasped, choked, and made queer gurgling sounds as, the papers discarded, an immense begonia filled with entrancing clusters of waxy pink blossoms was revealed. Surrounding the large plant



Betty gasped, choked, and made queer gurgling sounds.



were many small, empty flower pots. The card attached to one of the begonia's supports held the message in large letters: "HERE ARE BETTY'S COLLEGE EXPENSES."

There was a tense silence, then Betty dropped down on the floor and wailed, "I'd love to throw it a mile!"

Her heart too full for words either of reproof or of pity, Mother returned to her neglected pastry-making.

"Why did she do a thing like that, Mother?" sobbed Betty. "We never even hinted that we wanted her to help. Gertrude's mother wrote and *asked* Cousin Anne to lend them the money, and Cousin Anne sent a check, explaining that it was not a loan but a *gift*."

"I don't understand it," Mother said as she shook her head perplexedly. "The Anne I knew would never have done so heartless a thing. But I haven't seen her for years. She must have changed from the girl I knew and loved. The plant is beautiful. If only she had refrained from adding that message to the card, it would have been a sweet gift."

But the beauty of the plant held no charm or healing for Betty's sore heart. After a time she arose and began removing the smaller pots, her eyes resentful, her face still red and tear-stained.

"Oh, Mother, here is something on the back of the card. Listen! 'If you have recovered from your resentment, look under lower layer of paper for letter.'"

A minute later the letter was in Betty's hand.

"'Dear Betty,' " she read aloud: "Gertrude tells me that you will be ready for college by September. All through our girlhood your mother and I were more like sisters than cousins, and then something happened that terminated our friendship.

"'Because of a promise I made then, I can't send you a check as I did Gertrude, but I am offering you a chance. If four years of college mean as much to you as they should, you will be willing to dig a bit for the money. My florist assures me that this is the hardiest, fastest-growing begonia known, and that half-grown plants will sell readily for one dollar each. Carefully remove ten slips from the plant, and place them in water. Fill each pot with rich loam, and at the end of a week the ten slips will have grown roots and will be ready to

pot. Keep on removing slips and potting them from time to time. By the last of August you should have twenty-five plants ready for sale.

" 'Under no consideration either sell or give away the large plant, for it is "the rainbow's end." The last week in August repot the large plant, trusting this work to no one but yourself. As you will spend your week-ends at home you can carry on this work even while attending college. A hundred dollars a year isn't two thousand, I know, my dear Betty, but it is one twentieth of it. Always lovingly yours, Cousin Anne.'

"Sell one hundred plants a year, Mother?" Tears of anger stood in Betty's eyes. "Even if it were possible to raise so many, it would be utterly impossible to sell them."

"It certainly would be difficult," agreed Mother. "But what kind of plant can it be to yield like that? No wonder that it will need repotting by the end of August!"

"Here is something I didn't see on the last sheet. Postscripts seem characteristic of Cousin Anne." Betty's lip curled as she flipped over the sheet. "'I know of a market for every healthy plant you produce.'" she read. "'Study directions carefully, and you can't fail to make at least a start on that college fund.'

"Start a college fund with twenty-five dollars!" scoffed Betty. "The idea is ridiculous. I am going to tell Cousin Anne just what I think of her."

"No, Betty, instead of doing that, we'll follow Anne's advice. As soon as you get your diploma from the high school, take that position at Hayes' novelty store and save every penny. Anne is right! College is worth digging a bit for. And every twenty-five dollars that the plants bring will be that much to add to the fund. The only trouble with Anne's figure of speech is that it is slightly mixed: The plant is the rainbow's beginning instead of the rainbow's end."

Despite Mother's optimism, it took much coaxing to persuade Betty to slip the plants. But when at the end of a week the girl discovered that each slip had sent out tiny, thread-like roots, and that the mother plant was still gorgeous with bloom, notwithstanding its generous giving of shoots, her resentment was less acute. At the end of the first month



every slip was growing and was covered with tiny pink buds.

Now thoroughly interested, Betty purchased brackets and erected two shelves, one above the other, in the sunny kitchen window that faced south. Every minute that she did not give to the store or to helping Mother with the work that the younger girls could not manage, she devoted to the study of plants. The possibility of which Cousin Anne had written began to take definite shape in the girl's mind, and a feeling of gratitude surged through her heart.

With the sale of the first twenty-five plants for which Cousin Anne had promised to find a market, and with what Betty could save from her three months' work, the beginning of the college fund would be assured. But she and Mother both reluctantly agreed that it would be wiser for her to work at least a year before she started her college work.

ONE day nearly three months after she had received the box, Betty's conscience gave her a sharp prod, for she had never written a word of acknowledgment to Cousin Anne and in another two weeks twenty-five plants would be ready to ship. All the bitterness had left Betty's heart, and she sent a long, glowing letter, telling of her plan to defer college for a year.

"I am so glad, dear Cousin Anne," she ended the letter, "that you started me to digging. Another spring I am going to have a large flower garden and sell flowers to the summer folk who have camps less than a mile from our home. The girls will help with the work and will market the flowers. This is something we can continue from year to year until Mary, our ten-year-old, is ready for college. And the idea all began with the wonderful begonia, which shows no sign of needing new soil, for all the twenty-five thrifty plants it has given me."

Cousin Anne's reply, short, crisp, and to the point, came by return mail:

"That begonia needs a larger pot, fresh soil, and above all things, new drainage. Don't neglect to attend to this within a week. Directions for shipping the plants will be sent to you from the conservatory that is to take the lot. A check will be mailed on receipt of the plants."

"Sounds pretty snippy," muttered

Betty, "and I wrote her just the nicest letter I could. But I'll report the plant tomorrow; then she won't have to worry about its being neglected."

The stores closed at one o'clock every Wednesday afternoon through the summer. The next afternoon being the half-holiday, Betty went at her task. With new soil ready, she lifted the long, thick roots of the plant from the pot, and shook them gently to remove the loose dirt.

"Click! Click!" Something had been released from the entangled roots and had hit the floor with a thud.

"Oh, what a funny half-dollar!" cried ten-year-old Mary, picking up a coin discolored from the earth in which it had been hidden.

Betty gave the plant another shake, and another coin dropped. Her face was white, her hands were unsteady as, placing the plant in the new pot, she reached for one of the "funny half-dollars," and polished it with her thumb.

"Mother! Mother!" Her voice rang shrilly through the house. "Come here just as quickly as you can!"

Mother dropped her sewing and sped to the kitchen.

"See these twenty-dollar gold pieces, Mother! Three of them!" Betty closed Mother's fingers around the coins, and stood before her, white-faced and trembling.

"The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow," murmured Mother, her face as white as Betty's.

Mary dipped her rosy-tipped fingers into the earth.

"There are more in there, Betty. See!" She dug out another one and held it up as proof.

Betty suddenly remembered the advice to "dig a bit," and followed it literally. When she had finished digging, one hundred twenty-dollar gold pieces had been unearthed.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, and I wanted to throw that plant a mile! And I wanted to tell Cousin Anne what I thought of her!" Betty's face and tone showed that she was conscience-stricken.

"But you didn't do it, child." Mother wiped tears of joy from her eyes. "Now you can tell her what a wonderful thing she has done. And, Betty! Before you thank her, thank God for the words that you didn't write!"



*Ruth begins to  
prove something.*

# The Meridian

*By Gardner Hunting*

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*(Synopsis of Part I, which began in May Youth: Ruth Allison is in love with Gordon Trent. She knows that, socially speaking, she lives "on the wrong side of the railroad tracks," and so she does not blame Gordon when he allows his rich mother to discourage their love affair. Ruth gets an idea for solving her problem of being a "wrong-sider"; she calls the idea her secret dream. Instead of grieving for Gordon, as her parents had expected her to do, she suddenly becomes unusually cheerful. With her own money she buys some pretty clothes with which she rejuvenates her drab and faded-looking mother. She makes her father promise to buy himself a new hat. She compliments and "jollies" them both and smiles them into promising to "doll up" and go to the beach with her for an outing.)*

## Part II

"**H**AT, Daddy?" demanded Ruth, as she met him at the door that night. He was bare-headed.

He produced his purchase from behind him and set it atilt on his head. And he had had his hair cut!

"You old dear!" She put her smooth cheek against his rough one.

He put his arms around her. "Are you—so happy, baby?"

She kissed him soundly for the epithet!

**S**ATURDAY afternoon on the imitation board walk they strutted. Ruth held them each by the hand. But her father couldn't keep his eyes off Mother. And—really it didn't seem possible, but it *was* Mother! She had bloomed. And Daddy *was* crazy about her. So was Ruth! And Mother bloomed, and bloomed!

"Your father acted like a perfect—a perfect boy!" Mrs. Allison said that night.

"He was tickled pink!" answered Ruth.

"Do you think—he was?" murmured her mother, glancing toward the mirror.

And Ruth forgot to be ill; the pink pop corn and the lemonade "sat" and agreed perfectly. Sunday morning she was up and getting the breakfast herself. She poached the eggs, and served them on toast, for three.

"We'll have to take Mother to church and show her off," said Dad.

The church was on the right side of the tracks. Mother jumped and protested. She couldn't! No, no—she couldn't—parade! But Ruth said that was what church was for; then she waited until they had passed the properly reproving stage and had begun to take interest again. Then she supported her father.

"Oh, you're never going to disappoint us!" she exclaimed. She watched her father's face. He reacted perfectly; he *was* disappointed. Her mother began to waver.

"Mother, I want to flaunt you," said Ruth brazenly.

They did not pretend to misunderstand that. They couldn't; so they ignored it. But it had weight.

Thomas Allison straightened visibly when he walked across the tracks beside his pretty daughter and his radiant wife. Ruth saw his shoulders lift the wrinkle out of his coat. He took off his new hat to bow to the Van Dynes who passed in their car. And the daughter had a glimpse of his iron gray hair and freshly shaved jaw in the sunlight. Why-ee! He was a good-looking man! Standing up straight made his *face* look different! And Mrs. Van Dyne looked at them again, sobering at the end of her smiling bow. Then, as they passed on, she nudged her husband in the back. And Ruth could simply "hear" her say:



"Charlie! Did you see the Allison's? What do you suppose——?"

In church everybody looked—sooner or later—Mrs. Hall, with a frank start; Mrs. Ellsworth Kenyon, twice—much too casually; Laura Dinwiddy, in the choir, gaping; old Mrs. Andover, squinting, turning all the way around again—squinting; Jessica Wallace, covertly; Dr. Allyn himself, past the side of the pulpit. Ruth breathed in tremulous jerks. But when she stood up and sang, "Holy, holy, holy!" with her hand under Mother's elbow, and felt her mother quivering, she almost had to stop. And her father sang the second verse; she hadn't heard him sing for years!

**T**HERE was nothing really wrong with her family!

She lay awake again that night, and "saw" her father's iron gray head, as it would look among his peers—if only he would go among his peers. He stayed at home with his pipe altogether too much.

Wednesday night there was to be a town meeting, to discuss the new reservoir. Something had to be done about it, because the undergrowth on the land that had been newly submerged was discoloring the water and making it smell bad. Analysis showed that no danger to health had resulted; but people in the section of the town served by the new reservoir—the wrong side section—didn't like it a bit. And they resented the advantage that was enjoyed by people who were still served by the old reservoir.

"We'll go, Daddy," Ruth said after supper that night.

"Eh? Well—ah—Mother'll be left all alone."

"She'll go! Won't you, Mother?"

The meeting would be held at the town hall; it was on the other side of the tracks. Mrs. Allison hesitated.

"It's such fun to go places together!" Ruth said. "Then *nobody* gets lonesome!"

Mrs. Allison began to look steadily at Mr. Allison. "I wish they'd really do something about the reservoir," she said. "When the hot weather comes, the water will be dreadful again."

"Oh, let's go and see what they do!" persisted Ruth.

They humored her. And she made

Mother put on the brown suit she had been saving; she might as well, now that she had the blue one to save! And in just the right place near Mother's pinkening cheek, Ruth pinned a little bunch of bright flowers of the latest and most mixed variety which she had found at Fadette's. And she brought out more stockings—and the new patent leathers again—and insisted, joyously.

"Mother, you're thrilling!" she babbled. "I haven't been so thrilled in ages! You're not going to hide your radiance under a bushel!"

They kept step—the three abreast and arm in arm—across the tracks, till it suggested the goose step, and they all laughed.

At the town hall nobody seemed exactly astonished to see them. Ruth thought old Martin Tree looked at her father as if he had never seen just this aspect of him before. And later in the meeting she saw Tree whisper to Suburban Banker Ladd and look sidewise at Thomas Allison, as if something had occurred to him. And Mr. Ladd looked at the Allison's, but caught Ruth's eyes and made his glance appear accidental—which made it pointed.

The discussion of the reservoir waxed hot. The S. & O. tracks had never marked a sharper division in Sharrill. Acrimony was presently a principal ingredient. Henry Jellison, who lived on the right side of the tracks, said that the wrong-siders had demanded the new water supply, and now they found fault with it. He didn't call them the wrong-siders, but he might as well have called them so. And that rankled. Robert Conkling, of the wrong side lumber yard, asked if Henry Jellison knew anything about water as a beverage. There was a laugh, even around Mr. Jellison, because of the reputation of his cellar. That made Jellison furious, and he said that this was no place to air personalities, and he was contemptuous about it, as if he wanted to wash his hands after personal contact.

Martin Tree, who was one of the rich but rough kind, relic of pre-suburban days, who seemed always to have a day's grizzled stubble on his chin, and whose walk suggested shoe packs, tried to calm the troubled waters. He built and sold houses, with the air of making a hobby of the occupation, and he did not con-





*She hadn't heard him sing for years.*

fine his activities to one side of the railroad. But he couldn't take the sting out of what Jellison had suggested. Several men from the other side reminded him that he lived on Lloyd's Hill, and had his own water supply.

At last one neighbor of the Allison's got angry enough to accuse a village official, who lived in the new reservoir section, of having had water from the old reservoir turned into the pipes in his own street, by private official arrangement.

That struck sparks. It was not exactly a criminal charge, but it savored of graft. Half a dozen right-siders were on their feet at once; they didn't even

let the accused official defend himself. They said hot, hasty things. Jellison said some of them, and the angle of elevation of his nose did nothing to pacify anybody. Answers were shouted at him. The meeting was becoming a row.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" remonstrated Banker Ladd, who had patrons all over the house.

"Try and be one!" somebody flung at him, which was unfair, for he had not taken sides, except in his choice of seats.

"They've forgotten all about the issue," said Mr. Allison in Ruth's ear. "Like a lot of kids!"

Ruth looked at him quickly; he was watching the proceedings with a light



of eager interest in his eyes. He was like a boy just now, certainly. Why, how like boys men were!

"I talked with the city engineer down town last month," he went on in a sort of detached, amused way. "He told me it would be easy to cure our water troubles out here."

"Oh, Daddy! Tell them!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Eh? Oh, no! They know—or they could know, if they wanted to."

"But—now's the time!"

"I'm not looking for trouble." But the idea stirred him a little.

"Why, you have the solution!" urged Ruth.

He sat still.

"Daddy!" she whispered. "Show 'em! For my sake!"

He turned wide eyes upon her; she let the flame of her eagerness show in hers. He grew absent—listening again. Then he looked up at the chairman, his gaze bright with the half-formed vision of himself on his feet. He leaned forward a little but did not rise.

"Daddy!" whispered Ruth, her cheek against his shoulder, "look at Mother!"

He looked. Mother's eyes, luminous with expectancy, were upon him.

"I remember how proud she was that time when you spoke at the parent-teachers' meeting, Daddy. Go on! She'll love it!"

Thomas Allison rose slowly to his feet. Confusion was rising about him, too; but the chairman seemed to know a calm man. He recognized Allison.

Allison brought the meeting back to its subject. He told them what he had just told Ruth; very simple and quiet was his talk, just statements of facts. Then he went into details a little. He said that the city engineer had told him of a system of filters that would cost about so much, and an aerating plant that would cost so much, both of which were well within the means of a prosperous suburb. They could be installed in three months, and would solve all of Sharrill's water troubles.

It was just a plain, sensible talk—Thomas Allison was just a plain, sensible man—but the worth of plain common sense was apparent suddenly, as those things are always apparent *suddenly*. Every word of Thomas Allison's common sense fell like balm on that crowd

of angry men. Ruth could feel the anger ebbing. She didn't understand all the details, but at the end she heard her father saying:

"Of course nobody really believes there is any intention here to be unfair. We are all neighbors and friends, and we have a common purpose—to have everybody who lives in Sharrill glad that he lives in Sharrill."

When he sat down the room was quiet for a minute. The very fact that he was a wrong-sider was in his favor because he was the only man who had real information to give. It was an element of strength added to his calm quiet that as peacemaker he came from the complaining party.

Suddenly somebody began to clap his hands. Instantly a roar of applause went up. Men all over the room began to look at each other and laugh and nod. Ruth wondered if they knew that they were laughing at themselves for their recent antics. She was hot and cold when her mother reached across her and squeezed Dad's hand. Ruth nearly rose and proclaimed, "He's my father!"

The meeting came to order. The village selectmen were asked to take up with engineers the matter of filters and aeration. Then the meeting adjourned; and Ruth and her mother had to wait for Father, because men wanted to talk to him—Martin Tree and Ladd, the banker. When he came back to them, they walked home together; and they put him between them and hung upon him. He didn't say much. Apparently he thought he had talked too much; but there was an intermittent spring in his step. When they got into the house, Mother stood up on her toes and kissed him.

ALL this time Ruth had not seen Gordon. Now and then she saw his mother, tall, austere, distant. But she was not campaigning for their attention. She was pursuing a dream. It led to more things for Mother—including shingled hair and a marcel. Protests always fell before a look that Ruth was learning to use. It led to her taking Mother with her on a library night to return some books. The library was across the tracks.

Dorothy Tree was there. "Why, hello,



Ruth!" she said. "I heard you were at town meeting!"

"Oh, it was fun!" said Ruth.

"It must have been. Dad talked all through breakfast the next morning about how your father quelled a riot! Dad said your father ought to be a selectman."

Dorothy looked at Mrs. Allison. "Why, Mrs. Allison! I didn't know you!" And her eyes went up to the hat—and presently, almost decorously, down at the shoes.

Mrs. Waring, president of the Ladies' Library association, came in from a back room. Her hands were covered with paste, and she asked them all back to see why. She was paper-covering books. She didn't know how to do it very well, but there was no one else to do it. Mrs. Allison knew of a good way, and demonstrated it.

"We need volunteers," Mrs. Waring said, in her nice voice. "I wish you'd come. Couldn't you—Wednesday afternoons?"

Mrs. Allison started to say that oh, she couldn't! But Ruth accepted for her.

"I don't see how I—*can!*" her mother said as they started home. But she fell into step with a little skip.

On a lodge night Ruth brought her

father his hat. "What now?" he demanded.

"Lodge, Daddy."

"Well, hum!—I—I——"

"Lodge, Daddy!"

"You're getting us into all sorts of things, Puss. Pretty soon we won't have any home life left." He grinned.

"You've had too much," returned Ruth.

He shook his head slightly and looked at his pipe.

"Daddy!" she said.

When he still hesitated, she told him that Martin Tree had said he should be a selectman. He stared at her. "Are you playing politics, young lady?"

"No; I'm proving something."

"What?"

"It will keep."

He was on the verge of asking her a serious question, but he got up and put an arm around her instead. "Making the family over?"

"Daddy! I wouldn't be such a—traitor!"

He kissed her. "You're a witch!"

"You're my sire!" She handed him his hat. "And I'm scandalously proud of it!" she added.

(To be continued)

## WHEN

*By Doris Waggoner*

WHEN we notice little pleasures  
As we noticed little pains;  
And when we forget our losses  
And remember all our gains;  
When we look for people's virtue  
And their faults refuse to see,  
What a heavenly, blessed, loving place  
This world of ours will be!



# A Be

By V

## I.

HAVE your face lifted—  
Don't wear it *that* way!  
Though you don't feel so now,  
Why not *look* gay?

## II.

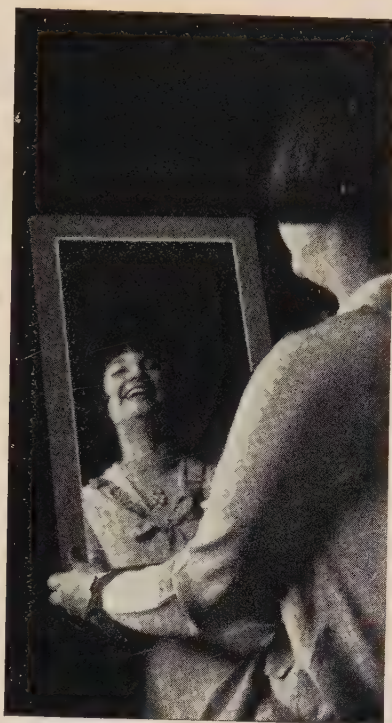
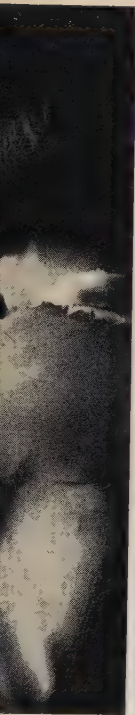
Hope is the surgeon  
That changes the face;  
Right thought the bandage  
That keeps it in place.





# y Hint

Field



III.

conscious self  
e tender nurse, who  
and by day  
our orders is true!

IV.

Then call them in quickly—  
They'll come in a trice;  
They're always in waiting.  
Just take my advice.

V.

Have your face lifted,  
And keep it that way;  
And long e'er you know it,  
You'll be *feeling* gay!



# Something to Laugh at

## Not so Slow

A bold paint brush and youth's ready wit have wrought astonishing results in the flivver fleet that parks at Westport high school these mornings. One black car, trimmed in green oilcloth, is labelled "The Miracle." Here are some others:

Little Go-Creep.

Tin, Tin, Tin—The Wonder Car.

The Tin You Love to Touch.

Honest Weight—No Springs.

Don't Laugh, Big Boy—I'm Paid For.

Mrs. Frequently.

—*Kansas City Star.*

## Touching Response

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:

"Well, Professor, how are the wife and kiddies; and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

## Not Slighted

Mother—Well, dear, did you have a lot of attention paid to you at the party?

Elsie—Some, mamma. Two little boys made faces at me.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Well-Bred Grocer

"Do you have animal crackers?"

"No, but we have some very nice dog biscuits."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

## Real Faith

Here is a story about the most optimistic man: Totally bald, he went to a drug store and asked for a bottle of hair restorer. "Yes, sir," the clerk said, "here is a preparation that is sure to make your hair grow." "All right," replied the optimist, "I'll take a bottle. And please wrap up a comb and brush with it."—*The Argonaut.*

## Easily Suited

According to a contemporary, one of our novelists has a suit for every day of the week. That's nothing. We have one for every day of the year; we're wearing it now.—*The Humorist.*

## Identified

"Do you think that Professor Kidder meant anything by it?"

"What?"

"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools.' I bought a ticket and it said 'Admit One.'"—*Dry Goods Economist.*

## The Pot and the Kettle

Maid—"The new neighbors would like to cut their grass, mum, an' they want to know if you will lend them our lawn-mower."

Mistress (highly shocked)—"Cut their lawn on the Sabbath? Certainly not. Tell them that we haven't one."—*London Opinion.*



# Something to Tie to

God gave birds wings with which to fly. He gives men ideas.



In his mind man can fly with the birds and can soar over countless limitations. Ideas are prophetic of their expression. From the fragile stuff of mind man patterns wings which enable his body to follow his thoughts.



Physically men are much alike. They differ in their response to ideas. The man who ignores new ideas remains a kind of "worm of the dust." The man who is alert and responsive to new ideas can "take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea."

The dodo became extinct because, foolish bird, it ceased to use its wings. Men become back numbers for the same reason.



The early bird catches—up with his work!



Keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.—*George Bernard Shaw.*



Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.—*T. W. Higginson.*



I find letters from God dropped in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,

And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,  
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

—*Walt Whitman.*



I ran across this little optimistic note the other day:

A tourist once happened to meet the usual "oldest inhabitant" of a village. In course of the conversation he asked the ancient how old he was.

"I be just a hundred," was the reply.

"Well, I doubt if you'll see another hundred years," said the tourist, trying to make conversation.

"I don't know so much about that, master," was the hopeful response, "I be stronger now than when I started on my first hundred."—*The Roycrofter.*

*Fear, more than water.  
endangers you in—*

# Unknown Waters

*By Ruthanna Schenck*

TO THE girl sitting at the edge of the pool, the water below looked very undependable, even treacherous. She had never been at a bathing pool before; self-consciously she tried to arrange the bathing suit which she wore. She was aware of its bright-colored newness, shimmeringly wet after its first shower bath, and she wondered whether the others noticed its conspicuous newness. She wondered too whether they noticed her reluctance to go into the water, whether they observed her fear of it. She wished that she had worn an old, faded bathing suit; she would have felt more like a real bather then and less conspicuous. She was anxious to hide herself in the water, that she might seem less like one apart. But she could not bring herself just yet to surrender herself to it.

Wistfully, wonderingly, she watched the other bathers, saw them take the air into their lungs exultingly, saw them disappear confidently down under the water, watched anxiously for their bright-capped heads to bob up at unexpected places, saw their jubilant smiles as they took new air into their lungs, heard their joyous shouts and their playful challenges as they struck out across the pool, hand over hand, leaving streaming ripples behind them.

Yes, she thought, that was what young people called living! And how it did fill them with life! How wonderful, she thought, it must be to know how to swim,

to feel no fear of unknown water, to lie upon it, to trust it, to caress it, to love it, to be part of it. That was what she had come here to do, to learn to swim, to claim something of life that she felt she had missed.

Doubtfully she stretched out a foot and tried it in the water.

A little joyous thrill traveled up through her from contact with the water. Yes, she liked it, but it seemed such a very big body of water. She was afraid to go in. But if she expected to know all the joy of swimming, of being master over this element, she would have to make a start, somehow.

So step by step she let herself down into the water at the shallow end of the pool. Little waves lapped around her knees and she trembled at the claiming hold of the water; then to her waist it enveloped her,

filling her with dread of its great volume; then, up, up, over her chest it came, pushing in on the walls of her lungs tremendously so that she gasped again and again, exclaiming aloud in her fright at this unknown thing which seemed too great for her, too much for her to master. It was so large and powerful, and she, so small, so frail against its mighty strength. She gasped for breath and began to fight this crushing power, began to struggle with it. Then all at once, as she clutched wildly for some support, she lost her balance; her feet slipped from under her and the opaque depths of the pool closed over



*Stretched out a foot and tried it  
in the water.*



her entirely. She was helpless, lost in its darkness, frantic at this unknown horror, gasping, struggling, clutching.

Suddenly a strong arm grasped her and drew her upward into the friendly world that she knew so well. Strangling and choking, she regained possession of herself, to find some of the bathers gathered about her. The swimming instructor placed her on her feet and assured her that all was well.

He asked her whether she had never been in the water before, and when she replied in the negative, he offered to give her some instruction. First he explained to her how to control her breathing, then he showed her some of the different methods of swimming. He swam across the pool for her, sometimes on his side, sometimes hand over hand, sometimes floating on his back. How easily he did it! How fine and strong he was! How assuring! It gave her confidence to watch him.

She asked him whether he could teach her to float, and he told her that he could if she would promise not to be afraid. She knew that she need feel no fear so long as he was there beside her; he would keep her from going under. So she promised.

He placed her on the water, his arms buoying up her body, giving her confidence and sureness. Then he insisted that she relax, breathe easily, and let go of all tenseness both in mind and in body. Reposing in the faith of his words, and trusting in his knowledge and in his nearness, she let go, relaxed, and lay there on the surface of the water, peacefully at rest. He drew his arms out from under her body, leaving her lying there on the water, gently floating. Happily, trustfully, confidently, she smiled. It occurred to her that she felt very much like Jesus walking on the water. All doubt, all fear, had gone.

The instructor was pleased too, and showed her how to make a little stroke which he called a scull stroke. He said that some swimmers considered it rather difficult; but the girl, assured by her new-found faith, moved her hands backward and forward, easily, surely, as he had showed her. The movement took her gliding across the pool.

The instructor then called to the other members of the class and told them to watch this girl doing the scull stroke;

he told them that she had never been in a swimming pool before, but that at her first attempt she had been able to float and had learned a stroke which would keep her from drowning, if she never learned another thing about swimming. She had mastered a first principle.

The girl was much pleased as she heard the instructor thus praise her, but she was not over-proud, for she remembered that of herself she had been able to do nothing. Like Peter, when she had depended upon herself alone she had sunk into the untrusted depths. But when the instructor had showed her the way and she had surrendered herself into his care, let herself go in faith and in trust, and relaxed under his guidance, she had been able to float and to accomplish a stroke which would keep her afloat so long as she was able to move her hands.

Then suddenly it seemed to her that the swimming pool was like the great sea of life, whose waters seem treacherous and full of horrors to him who struggles against them and tries to master them without true understanding. The life waters seem to engulf him, press in upon him, cause him to lose his balance, throw him from his feet, strangle him—and unless he finds a helping hand stretched forth to pull him from the depths, they eventually seem to suck him under and to drown him.

But she also thought that in life's waters too, a person has his Instructor, his Way-shower, One who has shown him how to cross life's surface, how to quiet its troubled waters. Why can a person not then relax, let go, rest in His arms and, assured of His nearness, let faith keep him afloat in the stream of life? Then applying one of the life principles as He has taught, a person can go scudding across this wonderful sea, secure in his direction, true in his aim. Even if he learns no more than one great principle of life, it will be enough to keep him afloat should the waters become troubled and unsafe.

What then, she thought, must be the sureties, the joys, the marvels in store for a person, if he masters all the great principles. No single terror will the sea of life then hold for him, no unknown waters. No good thing shall be missed. He will then live life exultant and unlimited!

*Why you are  
hated—or loved*

# The Psychology of Safety

*By Esther E. Reeks*

“A CROWD of troubles passed him by,  
As he with courage waited.  
He said: ‘Where do you troubles fly,  
When you are thus belated?’”

“‘We go,’ they said, ‘to those who mope,  
Who look on life dejected,  
Who weakly say good-by to hope:  
We go where we’re expected.’”

THIS may seem a foolish little rime;  
but it is not, for it possesses the  
elements of a great truth.

It is true that troubles, in the form of accidents and misfortunes, do pass some people by and seemingly single out others to visit. In time past this was thought to be the will of God or one of the inscrutable ways of Providence. But in the light of modern knowledge, many of the inscrutable ways of Providence do not seem so inscrutable as they were once thought to be. We now know that they are governed by exact laws, laws which may be disregarded to our injury or obeyed to our profit.

One of these laws is that there is a definite and fixed relationship between thought and happening. This relationship may not always be seen at the first glance, but it exists, nevertheless. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was right when she said:

“You never can tell what your thoughts  
will do,  
In bringing you hate or love;  
For thoughts are things, and their airy  
wings  
Are swifter than carrier dove.  
They follow the law of the universe—  
Each thing must create its kind,  
And they speed o’er the track to bring  
you back  
Whatever went out from your mind.”

They bring back not only hate or love,  
but fortune or misfortune, as well. Scientists today agree with the poet who sang:

“I hold it true that thoughts are things

Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings,  
And that we send them forth to fill  
The world with good results—or ill.

“That which we call our secret thought  
Speeds to the earth’s remotest spot,  
And leaves its blessings or its woes  
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

In another poem we are given this big truth:

“We build our future, thought by thought,  
Of good, or bad, and know it not!  
Yet so the universe was wrought.  
Thought is another name for fate;  
Choose thou thy destiny and wait;  
For love brings love and hate brings  
hate.”

It may be easier for most of us to see how “love brings love and hate brings hate” than it is for us to understand how our thoughts control our fortunes and our misfortunes. Those who have studied the matter tell us that there is a “psychology of accident” and a “psychology of safety,” a “psychology of fortune” and a “psychology of misfortune,” and that it is possible for a person to change his conditions by changing his mental attitude or his habits of thought.

An interesting little book has been written, entitled “The Armor of Light,” in which the author shows that God’s protecting care is always about us, but that we often fail to benefit by it because we do not hold the realization of it in our thoughts; instead, we entertain doubts and fears, thus breaking our connection with God.

When we recognize that the promises found in the Psalms and in many other parts of the Bible are really intended for us, when we go about doing our part in happy confidence in them, we are acting in accord with God’s law of safety.

We may not understand just how this law works; but it is easy to see that a mind free from fear and anxiety is more alert, more keenly alive, and therefore



better able to keep its possessor out of possible dangers, than the mind that is always full of fears and worries. It is not so necessary to understand *how* the law works as it is to understand that it *does* work.

It is hard for an older person who has grown up with fears and worries to cast out thoughts of fear and worry, for

time has rooted them deeply. But, even such a person can cast them out by persistent, conscious effort to keep his mind always on the better, truer, happier thoughts. Happy is the young person who learns in the very beginning of life to keep his thoughts always in accord with the laws of peace, good will, success, and safety!

## GOD'S LAW OF SAFETY

Jehovah is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? . . . Teach me thy way, O Jehovah; and lead me in a plain path . . . Wait for Jehovah: be strong, and let thy heart take courage; yea, wait thou for Jehovah.—*Psalms 27:1, 11, 14.*



Trust in Jehovah, and do good; dwell in the land, and feed on *his* faithfulness. Delight thyself also in Jehovah; and he will give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto Jehovah; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass. . . . Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for there is a *happy* end to the man of peace. . . . The salvation of the righteous is of Jehovah: he is their stronghold in the time of trouble.—*Psalms 37:3-5, 37, 39.*



For Jehovah God is a sun and a shield: Jehovah will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Jehovah of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.—*Psalms 84:11, 12.*



I will say of Jehovah, he is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in whom I trust. . . . there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent. . . . He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.—*Psalms 91:2, 10, 15.*

# Are You a Jonah?

*By Ernest C. Wilson*

TO MAKE a hero out of Jonah is a difficult task. Even the doubtful assistance of a big fish fails to present Jonah in a pleasing light. Not that any of us would cut a more gallant figure under similar circumstances; for Jonah's personal history, especially as regards the fish, was enough to embarrass any one. Still we do expect more of so well-known a man, and to find that he was even less heroic than has been assumed, is disappointing. It is in the interests of truthfulness, rather than to heap further ignominy on the abashed head of Jonah, that we must now give the "inside" facts concerning that fishy story of his famous submarine disaster.

It has been thought that Jonah's strongest weakness was seamanship. His real difficulty was that he was a poor listener.

The voice of God spoke to him, but he did not heed it.

Even in this he is commonplace. The same voice that spoke to Jonah speaks to us, but many of us even fail to hear it; fail not because the voice is silent, but because we are so occupied otherwise that it passes unnoticed.

JONAH was a missionary of God, but he had his own ideas of how the job should be done. The campaign for saving Nineveh, which God outlined to him, was at variance with his own judgment. Nineveh, as the capital of Assyria, was the stronghold of Israel's most dangerous foes. A Jewish missionary was likely to receive there a heated rather than a warm reception. Moreover the program of the Jewish prophets had been exclusively a home missionary campaign. It was unheard of that Jonah should take an interest in any besides the Jews. Jonah decided in his not too ponderous intellect that there must be some mistake about this new idea, so he acted upon his own idea instead.

He went down to Joppa and engaged passage on a ship bound for Tarshish.

FEW men have the genius to accept a new idea that comes to them from on

high. The very fact of its variance from their own ideas leads them to question its source and its wisdom. When men do have that genius they become world figures, and not infrequently they help to introduce a new era in the world's history.

God gave to Jesus a new idea, and being true to that idea made Him the Christ, a world savior and its greatest teacher.

God also gave Jonah an idea, one which was possibly as startling in its time as was the Christ idea in the time of Jesus. By failing to accept and to carry out his God-given mission—and a new idea seems always to imply a mission—Jonah became as ignoble a figure as Jesus became noble.

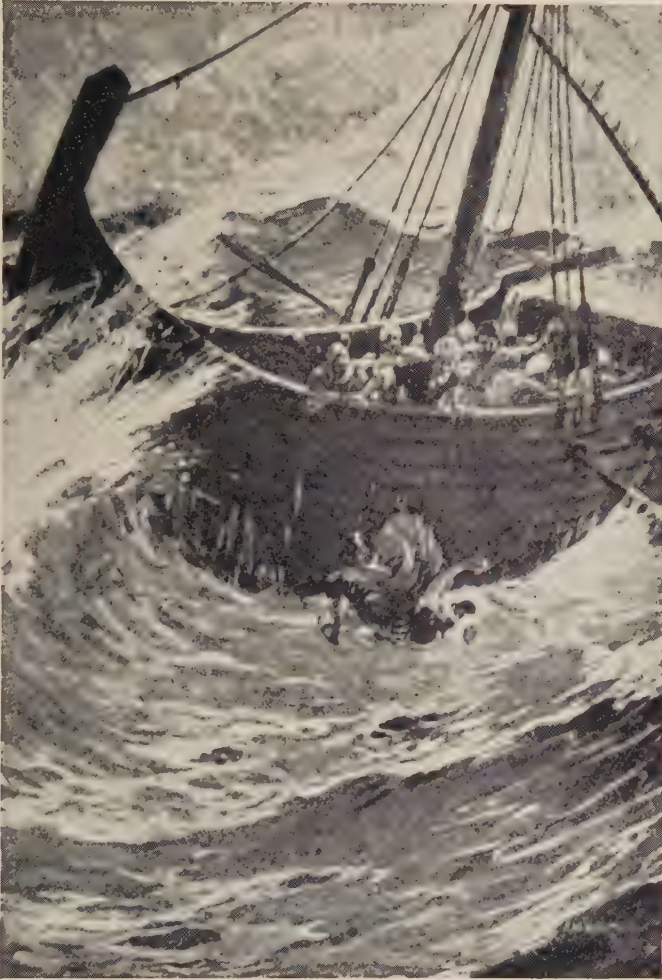
It was out of Jonah's stupidity that a very stupid story came—a whale of a story that is as difficult for us to stomach as was Jonah for the big fish.

JONAH "started something" when he embarked for Tarshish, and he began to discover a fact that is still dependable: that the whole world is out of step with the man who is out of step with God. As truly as all things favor the man who obeys the voice of Spirit within him—Joshua was a case in point—just so surely is the way of the transgressor a hard one.

Jonah soon found himself in the midst of a terrific storm. The sailors were in a panic. They suspected Jonah of being the cause of the tempest and he confessed that they were right. "Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea," he said, "so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." The men tried to return to shore, but the storm grew more violent. There was but one thing to do. Firmly they grasped the most available portions of Jonah's person and raiment, and tossed him into the raging sea.

Just here begins the episode of the "big fish" whose gustatory indiscretion has been so much emphasized. To understand the account we must know





WM. THOMPSON PHOTO

*Jonah was the victim of the first submarine disaster.*

something of the physiography of Palestine. The country abounds in subterranean streams. Underground caverns and pits are very numerous. They were used as dwelling places and as places of refuge in war during Bible times. Many of them are still used as homes. The geological formation of the country is such as to favor the formation of caves, and they exist in great number, and are

of all sizes and shapes. Cut by the action of the waves, such caves, occurring along the Syrian coast, might well resemble the gaping mouths of great fish, and it is easy to imagine the luckless Jonah being "swallowed up" by such a cavern during the storm which left him all at sea.

The author of an otherwise unremarkable little book which is now apparently

out of print, declares that such caves actually were called "fishes' mouths" by the inhabitants of the district. This statement we have been unable to verify, but the Biblical account of Jonah and the fish presents a remarkable case for the assumption, as we can see by referring to the story in chapters one and two of the book of Jonah.

**R**EAD literally, the account not only challenges the reason but is manifestly inconsistent. "Out of the belly of hell [marginal reading, 'the pit']" is hardly descriptive of a fish's stomach; but it *is* eloquent with reference to the bowels of the earth, or to a cavern which reaches into the earth and whose entrance is blocked by the high waters of a storm. A little farther on in the account, Jonah 2:5, 6, we find a still clearer reference to such a plausible imprisonment:

"The depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.

"I went down to the bottoms [marginal reading, 'cuttings off'] of the mountains: the earth with her bars *was* about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption [marginal reading, 'or, the pit'], O Lord my God."

**F**ISH'S belly or coastal cavern, it matters very little, except to Jonah—and to the fish, which was treated very shab-

bily by Jonah and his biographers, and is treated even worse in this account, by being almost wholly eliminated. Eliminating the fish, there is very little left to the story, Jonah being what regrettably he was; very little *except for one thing*: The tribe of Jonah is still extant, and still the soft voice speaks. Still that quiet voice offers worthy missions for those who listen and hear and heed, and still the increasing tribe of Jonahs muffles the murmurous voice of God beneath the chatter of its own speculations and conceits. Jonahs all, are those who decry that still, small voice.

**I**F, IN darkness, hearing that counseling voice, we answer, "Incredible!" and go on from darkness into darkness, we are Jonahs!

Incredible, this way from darkness into light? Much more so that we should fail to hear and heed the voice that knows the way.

Jonah as the skipper of a finny ship was no great success. Robbed of that one bid to fame he is indeed a sorry figure; and sorry he was, when there was nothing else left for him to be. Jonah is a type of the unheeding man who invites disaster and then criticizes the guest he has invited.

Jonah was a poor seaman, but a poorer listener.

Why be a Jonah?

## Study Topics

*YOUTH* is being read by many discussion classes, study groups, Sunday school classes. Here is a list of suggested topics from which to choose, with page references. Let us know if the list helps.

- |  |             |
|--|-------------|
| I. How Can I Overcome Fear?            | Pages 22-23 |
| II. How Can I Change My Circumstances? | Pages 24-25 |
| III. Am I a Jonah?                     | Pages 26-28 |
| IV. How Shall I Find Happiness?        | Pages 30-31 |
| V. Personal Problems                   | Pages 34-35 |



*Inviting  
you to be—*

# The Tenth Man

*When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you at school, in your athletics, socially, or in regard to health or prosperity? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth Magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.*

WHEN young people start out to do something, what they do is sometimes quite remarkable. Here at headquarters, there is a young people's society known as Young People's Christian Unity, as modern and "peppy" a group as can be found anywhere. They do a number of interesting things, and you will hear more about them—and about similar groups—in these pages frequently. One of their members conceived the idea of a prayer group which would apply Truth in a practical way to help the members of the society. He explained his idea to one of the younger teachers at our school, who approved it.

"But who should be the one to start?" he asked.

"You, of course. You have caught the vision; you are to carry it out."

"By what authority? I am not even an officer of the local society."

"By the authority of your indwelling Christ. You do not need any other. Select the persons who will work together in harmony, set the time, and get busy."

He did. The result was a group of earnest young people who met at a convenient hour once a week to pray for members of the society who requested help.

This young man says he returned home one evening after one of the meetings, and greeted his room mate, who had requested their prayers.

"I felt impressed that there would be a change in his condition. His first remark made me wonder why I had expected anything, for all he said was, 'How was the meeting?'"

"I made some casual reply, and proceeded with work which I had to do, when suddenly he turned to me: 'Oh, say, Bud, the queerest thing happened to-night while you were gone. I was get-

ting a drink of water. Since I have been having this trouble with my nose, I have had to take the glass from my lips to breathe. I mentally started to do this, but suddenly realized that it wasn't necessary, for I was breathing freely through my nose. For the next few minutes I couldn't think what had happened. I ran from one room to another, thinking that a difference in the air might have caused the improvement. I found that I could breathe as well in any of them, and as well as I could before I had begun to have the trouble. I slowly began to realize that I had been healed, and gave

thanks to the Father for the healing.'

"I asked him what time all this took place, and found that the healing occurred at the time we had been praying. His name had been among those written on a sheet of paper and placed on a table in the center of the group. These names were spoken at the beginning of the meeting, and the statement, 'The light of Spirit now cleanses and purifies your mind, body, and affairs, and all obstructions are removed,' was repeated and held in prayerful meditation. This statement was entirely inspirational. Contrary to the usual custom the leader returned to the names on the table after other problems had been considered. Thanks were expressed that the healing prayers were being answered, and acknowledgment made that the work was finished. The meeting then adjourned.

"This experience proves to me that the work is really worth while. If this demonstration could be made, then still greater ones can be made. 'All things are possible' if we do our part."

The chap who writes of this experience was not, as he says, even an officer of his society when he told me the story. He is now president of International Young People's Christian Unity. His



name is Raymond Spaulding. You may recognize his picture, as it has appeared, smilingly, in *Youth* several times.

A copy of *YPKU* (pronounced Epku), the weekly paper printed by the Young People's Christian Unity, indicates that the Prayer Group is still active, and still getting results. The following article appears in the issue of March 10, 1928:

"A DEMONSTRATION"

"The Prayer Group surely gets results

from their concentrated efforts. Several weeks ago a question arose as to whether there would be enough work for the two teachers in a room at school. I was one of the two. We both wanted to stay, so I asked for help at the Prayer Circle. Not only was the question settled satisfactorily to us both, but also I felt that divine order had been established in all of my affairs.

Jean De Witt."

## Let's Talk It Over

*By Ourselves*

A YOUNG woman and her mother have been Truth students for several years. Now the mother has passed on, and the daughter's fiancé has forsaken her to marry another girl. She is lonely and rebellious, and now finds herself compelled to do many unpleasant tasks that she has never enjoyed doing—and without the satisfaction of doing them for the ones she loves the most. "The harder I work the madder I become." It seems to her that the people who are mean and selfish "have the best in the world," and that she, who has tried to do right, has lost everything worth while. She starts her letter by saying that she is "hopping mad," but she feels better by the time she has nearly finished writing, for she concludes: "I have said many times, 'O God, where are you?' and this morning I seem to see Him smile and He says quietly, softly, 'Why, my child, here I am, right where I have been all the while.'"

WE HOPE that few of *Youth's* readers have this problem to meet, but because it involves an adjustment to life which all of us have to make, the letter we wrote to her may interest other readers, too. It follows:

*My dear Friend:* Well, I'm glad that you let go that upset feeling because pent up inside it would cause only trouble; and you do not really believe that people who are mean and jealous "have the best in the world," do you? When your own heart is troubled and your mind is upset, no amount of money or other outward things are "the best in the world,"

are they? No, a mind at ease and a heart of joy and a hand that serves are the best in the world.

You are growing up in spiritual stature, and you are having some growing pains, which, thanks be to God, will soon pass. Love which loves one person only—or two—isn't a very big love, you know. Really, we cannot expect a great deal of happiness from the love that we try to limit in such a way. Love brings happiness only as it is growing. We must make our love bigger by including more. If we love any one person a great deal, that love should make us love *everybody* more. Our love has to grow up.

You think you have lost immeasurably through the passing of your mother. You felt that you lost a great deal when you and your friend came to the parting of the ways. You have simply reached one of the limits that personality places on love. When we love personally we want to possess, and we are stricken when something holds us from such possession. We think God is being unkind to us. He is not: We are being unkind to ourselves. We are centering His great gift of love upon one or two persons, and are refusing to see the good that He has implanted in others or in our environment.

Instead of allowing yourself to be so unhappy, just let your love grow as God wants it to grow; seek goodness in other persons, love more persons more; love them more impersonally, more unselfishly, without thought of return. The return, never fear, will take care of itself. You will be blessed as you would never



have believed it possible to be blessed.

Selfish love is always binding and limiting, whether it be the love of parents for their children, of children for their parents, or some other love between individuals. To love others for what they do for us has elements of beauty, but such love has its limitations, too. We should be grateful for what others do for us, but sooner or later we must learn to depend on the powers that God has implanted within us, rather than on the powers He has given to another.

We must love our friends enough to want for them their good, whether it includes us or not. When we present gifts to friends, we often select for them what we like ourselves regardless of their preference, which is not nearly so true a mark of friendship as to get for them what they truly like. It is that way with our love. Sometimes we put on our love the price that our loved ones must show us a preference, must cater to our whims, must be with us, and we say we cannot live without them. Such love is unworthy of the best in ourselves or in the ones we love.

Are you seeing life and happiness as possible only through the presence of some one whom you love? When that one goes away is your happiness gone? Put yourself in his place. Would you be happy to know that some one's love for you was making him unhappy? It would not even be complimentary, would it!

Our love for others should make us happier in whatever seems right and best for us to do. It should help us to trust that whatever we are required to do is right and best. It should give us inspiration to do better whatever we undertake. Try loving the burdensome work that you have to do. It will either be transformed so that it will be no longer a burden, or else some way will open by which you will no longer have to do it.

The finest part of our nature loves the good qualities in others more than it loves their appearance or their presence. Why does humanity love and admire great people? Seldom for their appearance—and almost never for that alone. We love the ideals which they express, or which we believe they express.

Charles Lindbergh is a fine-appearing young man, but it is not his appearance

that has endeared him to the whole world. There are thousands of young people as good looking, as outwardly presentable. We love him because he expresses courage and modesty and wholesome common sense. We love him not primarily because he crossed the Atlantic alone in his airplane, but because of qualities of character which that trip and his subsequent behavior have revealed—and because something in us that is like those qualities is stirred by his expression of them! Most of all we admire him because he has been true to his own ideals.

How can we best express our admiration of his qualities? By being true to like qualities in ourselves. How can you best show your love for some loved one who is separated from you? By being true to the best in yourself; by demonstrating that the love you cherish makes you a finer, happier, more loving, more generous individual.

"Love seeketh not its own," said Paul. Indeed that is true, and it is also true that love *cannot* be separated, in any real sense, from its own. Love does not seek anything selfishly; neither does it need to seek anything; it attracts its own as rivers are attracted to the sea.

Our sorrows and our griefs simply show that we are limiting our love. God Himself is love. He does not punish us for loving. We punish ourselves *by not loving enough*. Our love must be large enough to be unselfish, to free those we love, and to love for what we can give instead of for what we can receive. By putting more of love, and a greater love, into our lives we can dispel any of the shadows that seem to result from love. Actually they are not the results of love, but of our not loving in the best way.

Of course God is here, and with you. Only selfishness or some other unlovely feeling can hide His presence from you. His presence is love. Do not expect all of that presence to express to you through only one person or in only one way. You cannot receive the fullness of God's good for you by limiting it in such a manner; and such a limited vision of love cannot make you happy for long.

Love is in giving, not in receiving. The joys you have found through others' love for you is as nothing to the joy you will find through the love you give.

# Good Medicine

*By Charlotte Wharton Miller*

**N**OT long ago a nervous looking high school girl, who was having some trouble preparing for her examinations, complained to a mature friend of her inability to sleep well at night.

She said she was worn out trying to get her regular rest.

Her friend wanted to know the reason why, and she told her.

It seemed that she had always lived in the house where she was born.

It was in an old-fashioned neighborhood where the streets were cobbled, and her particular street was the thoroughfare for all the milk wagons on their way to and from the ferry to the markets.

They were due about three o'clock in the morning. When she wasn't lying awake wondering if it was time for them to go through, she was holding her fingers to her ears to keep out the sounds—when they did!

Her uncontrolled imagination was playing havoc with her health.

The friend, a calm, well-poised individual, asked her why she did not use the same imagination that was doing her such harm, to work out her own salvation? If only she would try to visualize what those milk wagons were really accomplishing in the world's work, she would soon be able to think of them with something more interesting than irritation.

They represented the health and comfort of thousands of babies, invalids, the sick and maimed, to whom it was vitally necessary that the milk should be delivered on time.

They meant work for hundreds of men with families to support, who otherwise

might not have the necessary supply for their needs.

They meant money to their proprietors who would receive not too large a compensation for honest hard work.

It all meant good constructive progress, and the only way to help rather than to impede that growth, was to make oneself immune to the noise they made.

**T**HE GIRL, who had been interested in Truth principles in a desultory sort of way, promised to give it a fair trial, with the result that she finally became so impervious to the sounds that she finished her work with great credit to herself.

Probably the very simplicity of this medicine, right thinking, for the annoyances of life is what sometimes makes it so hard for people—and oneself—to realize its effectiveness.

But the simpler a thing is the more power it has.

Her friend told her all she needed to do was to tell herself that anything which meant so much good to so many people could not possibly bring anything but the music of good intentions to her ears. And with the hum of that last phrase—the music of good intention—in her mind, she fell asleep before she knew it.

It is good medicine to use for any of the annoyances of life, great or small—to try and visualize their usefulness to humanity—rather than their direct effect on oneself.

Just a new thought, a new viewpoint, a good thought instead of a bad one, and the cure has begun.

Don't deny that. Try it! You'll be surprised by the results.

The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining;  
I therefore turn my clouds about, and always wear  
    them inside out  
To show the lining!

—Selected.



# Choosing

By Hazel F. Albrecht

COMMENCEMENT Day! What a thrill, what expectations those words bring to the heart of the graduate! A day filled with varying experiences: heart throbs, greetings, joys, regrets, ambitions, desires, farewells. A day never to be forgotten.

Friends, teachers, companions are parted, never to be associated in the old, happy way. The heart wells with sadness when the farewells are said.

But these feelings soon pass. Life and its adventures stretch before. There is the excitement of facing the future, the joy of winning success, the expectation of building a glorious life. Ahead is the school of life. Success in this school is not made wholly by book knowledge, though it certainly contributes, but is largely determined by the strength and development of character.

The graduate by this time should have learned to be persistent and steadfast, and to think clearly. If a problem or a question cannot be answered at once, the student has learned to go patiently over the various points, to apply the light of clear thinking, and so to reach his conclusions from an unobscured mind. He has achieved other things, also; among them perhaps a strong, healthy body, and proficiency in some art or trade. But more than these are necessary.

The character, to assure one's success, must be broadly developed. The graduate should express kindness and consideration. He must build on a constructive foundation. He needs to be able to distinguish the desirable from the undesirable in life.

To build this foundation he must select his words carefully. Negative words

will never build a constructive foundation. Just what are negative words? They are words of sadness, of failure, of sickness. They are the opposite of joy, success, health, strength, enthusiasm. The graduate will know, when he stops to think, that words do produce after their kind. If one continually talks about failure and unhappiness, failure and unhappiness invariably result. The person who makes life worth while sees success in the face of apparent failure, and discerns a life of happiness and well-being.

On graduation day it is well that we should stop and think a while on the possibilities of life. We must decide what kind of life we desire to lead, whether it is to be the wide road of pleasure, or the narrower path of great purpose. The giant tree, as we all know, has resisted rains, winds, and storms; it has held to its purpose to be a good tree. In our purpose to be good citizens, we resist all negation, holding firmly and steadfastly to the higher principles of life. We choose to express only the good, only the true.



*THE Good Words club invites Youth readers to join the club. Letters from young people tell us that their membership is a great help to them. Membership entitles you to wear a pin which identifies you to other members. There are no dues. The club pledge and other information will be sent to you upon application to Unity Good Words Club, c/o Unity School of Christianity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.*



# Your Own Pages

We will print as many helpful, sincere letters here as space permits. Please sign your name and address; we will publish only your initials.

ONE of our Texas readers, whose letters are signed A. S., writes us frequently, and this time to say, "I like the new features in *Youth* very much, especially the character sketches. 'Beth, a Modern Girl,' is also very interesting."

We expect to publish another story soon, "Parcel No. 98," by the author of "Beth." So far "Dust of Adam" has called forth the most comment of any of the character sketches. It has also aroused some questions concerning evolution. Our answer to J. V. C. may help a bit in regard to them.

A. S. also comments on C. G.'s problem, as follows:

If I were in C. G.'s place, I would talk to K—one more time about her rude actions. I would explain to her the principles of Truth and forgiveness. I would try to show her her mistake and get her to reform, telling her that if she did not I would consider that she did not care for my friendship any longer.

Dear Editor:

Although I am probably older than most of the readers of *Youth* I enjoy reading it as much as they do. I am twenty-three years old and have been teaching for three years.

I teach adolescent children and they are rather difficult to handle. The children feel that I am not much older than they, and they want to take liberties which they would not attempt with an older teacher. In attempting to control them I have placed a barrier of defense between myself and them which seems to breed antagonism. That was not my intention, but it seems to have grown, until my principal has spoken to me about it. He feels that I should have a friendlier attitude toward the children. I believe that if I become too friendly they will lose what respect they have for me. I have seen this happen with other teachers.

I work very hard to keep order and to get the best results. I feel very tense during the day, and by evening I am tired. I have little pep left for my after-school work. Can you help me?—L. B.

L. B.—*Youth* has many readers older than you are who find that *Youth* helps



them. *Youth* is for everybody who feels young or who wishes to feel so.

The problem of your years is secondary to that of clarity of purpose in your work as a teacher. You can win the love, the respect, and the obedience of your pupils. It is true that

teachers sometimes sacrifice order for friendliness but you can have both.

A famous teacher once was asked how she explained her success in teaching bad boys. She answered: "Because there are no bad boys." Children often are mischievous and restless and disorderly, but they are not inherently bad. That fact is your greatest asset in teaching them. Appeal to their love, their loyalty, their innate goodness, and they will make your teaching a joy. Your tenseness will leave, and with it most of that tired feeling.

Your next asset you must develop within yourself. Why do you teach? You must be able to answer whole-heartedly: "Because I love to teach. I love young people, and I want to help them to become fine men and women." You must not be working merely eight hours a day, or for a salary, or with the idea that teaching is a hardship, or that you are called upon to make your pupils do something disagreeable which they do not want to do. They really want what you have to give them. Your knowing this will help them to know it. The things which they must learn may not always seem important or even interesting—they didn't to us either, did they?—but you can link their studies with things in which they naturally are interested so that they will enjoy their lessons. Sometimes that, too, may seem difficult; but when your pupils discover that you realize this and are trying to make school interesting for them, the fact that you love them will save the day for you. Love them; keep on loving them. They will recognize your love even without your mentioning it—better that way, in fact. They will respond loyally.



Teaching is a ministry. To teach young people is the greatest of privileges. To study with a teacher who loves to teach is the next greatest! Your love for your work and for your pupils is the solution of your problem. *Youth* cannot tell you what to do in all the emergencies that the days bring; but love can and will tell you. Yours is the profession of the Master of men: He was the supreme Teacher. Remember that He said, "Lo, I am with you always." Rely on that promise. Depend upon His help. Recognize Him in you as the real teacher of your pupils. Say to yourself frequently, *Christ in me is wisdom, love, understanding, power, patience*. Know for each of the young people whom it is your privilege to teach, *You are a child of God, and I love you*.

Dear *Youth*:

I have some questions to ask and should feel grateful if you would answer. Is there an unpardonable sin if you ask forgiveness of the Lord? Can you forgive and not forget? I have a friend who did me a wrong. How could I let her know I forgive her, or should I not do that?—*E. H.*

*E. H.*—*Youth* does not believe there is an "unpardonable sin" when the one who has sinned truly turns to God.

If your friend has wronged you, treat her as though she had not wronged you. That is the best way of letting her know that you have forgiven her. If you think that it would help you both for you to tell her that you forgive her, then do so by all means, but be sure that you follow up your good words by good acts. Actions, you know, speak louder than words. If you have been condemning your friend for what she has done to you, you also should forgive yourself for holding such unloving thoughts. That will help both you and your friend to forget.

Dear Editor:

I have never before written to you, but I at least know what you look like, for I saw your picture in *Youth*. That is some consolation anyway!

Here is my problem: I attend a junior high school. Next week I shall graduate from the eighth grade. The usual ceremonies will be held, of course. One thing fills me with fear. It is this: The vice principal will read the names of the graduates, and present them with diplomas. He

will do this before an audience of more than a thousand persons. I am very shy, and just tremble to think of rising before that audience. I am sure I shall do something wrong, but I do not wish to miss the exercises. I know it is silly of me to have such fear, but I can't seem to help it.

I have been fearful of receiving attention from my earliest childhood, so it seems hard for me to cure myself now. Do you know of any way in which I can help myself?—*M. T.*

*M. T.*—We are going to tell you how you can help yourself, and you can begin doing it right now. Every time you think of those graduation exercises, think of this: Some One is going to be with you at those exercises. You will not have to get up and face the audience alone. This some One who will be with you had His problem of facing audiences. Many times He had to face those who He knew sought to harm Him. But He was never afraid. He knew that deep within Him was a wonderful indwelling Presence which gave Him strength and courage to face every situation. He was never afraid because He knew that he was doing right. Because He was doing right the Presence was always with Him. This some One is the Christ, your Elder Brother.

Within you is the same Presence that dwelt in Jesus Christ. If you will remember that you are doing right in graduating and preparing yourself for living as best you know how, the Presence will be with you; you too will have the strength and the courage that Jesus knew. Begin now to think of your Elder Brother. When you think of those exercises, remember that He will be there with you. When you rise to take your diploma you will not be alone. Just keep thinking, "*He is here with me, reminding me of the wonderful Presence within me.*"

When you think of those in the audience, remember that they love you and have come to see you and the others graduate because they are glad that you young people have accomplished something worth while. You will be glad, too, and your Elder Brother will be glad with you. Where there is so much gladness there will be no room for fear. If you should feel yourself beginning to fear, just say this to yourself: "*I love all these people and they love me. I am glad, glad, glad to be here.*"

# Youth Magazine

## For Your Study Group

ONE group of young people wished to study the stories of Bible characters which are appearing in *Youth* each month, and thought of a unique plan by which they could obtain copies. They sent for a Prosperity Bank and studied the Bank Plan together. They brought their offerings to the class each week and placed them in the Bank. They tell us that they are enjoying *Youth* and are also enjoying the Bank drill.

Is your young people's society, study group, or Sunday school class reading *Youth*? If not, we suggest that you subscribe for it by means of the Prosperity Bank Plan. If your class is quite small, perhaps your leader could send for the Bank, and all of you could take the drill together; but we suggest that if your class is fairly large each member should send for a bank.

*Unity School of Christianity,  
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.*

Please give me special prayers for increased prosperity and send me a Prosperity Bank. I will use daily the prosperity statement that you send me and will work with you to set in action within myself the laws governing my prosperity. I will save \$3 to pay for the magazine, *Youth*, to be sent to each of the persons named below, and will send this amount to you within ten weeks after receipt of my Bank.

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